

PHILHARMONIC COMIC OPERA OPENS TONIGHT

Gateway to be Expanded --36-40 Issues Next Year

Another Bee of Counter-Legislating Indulged in by Council at Regular Meeting Wednesday

As chairman of the committee to review the results of the bi-weekly Gateway experiment, Chuck Perkins presented his report to the Students' Council at its weekly meeting on Wednesday evening. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and adopted, Mr. Perkins was called upon to present his report.

The Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway placed the main emphasis on costs. The average cost of each four-page issue during the time of the experiment was \$65. Formerly the cost of a weekly six-page edition had been \$105. The publication of two papers per week had resulted in a small increase in advertising. However, with all the facts in hand, the committee arrived at the conclusion that 40 four-page issues of The Gateway could be published per year on the present budget. But the commission proposed that two papers a week should be published for a 16-week period and then at the close of the year three or four 6-page papers should be published at intervals to cover the main events. Mr. Perkins

said that during the experiment the two papers per week had been very satisfactory, but that a decided decrease in news had been felt in February. It was explained that this was only natural, due to the decrease in extra-curricular activities prior to the final examinations.

As for the personnel of the staff, it was suggested that there be appointed an editor-in-chief to oversee the editorial policy and to be on the lookout for topics for editorial comment. There should also be two editors and two complete staffs.

Following the discussion on the report, it was moved and seconded that during the session 1934-35 The Gateway should publish from 30 to 34 four-page issues and from 4 to 6 six-page issues.

Regarding Executive "A" pins, it was moved and seconded that applications for Executive "A" pins be called for.

The committee which had been instructed to consider names for appointment to the proposed constitutional enforcement committee had neglected to do that. They were requested to have their report ready for next week.

It was moved and seconded that the Point System Act be incorporated into the constitution.

Class Organizations
Harry McGowan, as chairman of the committee to investigate class organizations, presented a report on that subject. An elaborate proposal for an inter-class executive was submitted. After some discussion it was moved that the committee reconsider the proposal, and submit a new report to the next meeting.

A report is to be brought in next week on the Rink Act.

Pat Kilkenny, on behalf of the Senior Class, requested the Council to permit that class to change the name of the Midwinter Dance to the Senior Spring Formal.

TO PLAY



MISS NORAH YOUNG

Who won dramatic distinction in the Sophomore Play in the Interyear Competition. She is a member of the cast of "The Derelict," the University entry to the Dramatic Festival.

Varsity Meets SOOPS AT ARENA

Tomorrow night Varsity meets the Superiors in the second game of the City Senior Hockey championship series. Although Varsity lost out in last night's game 4-2, the provincial champs required a couple of fluke goals to turn the trick. Varsity will be out to tie up the series tomorrow night. The big "ice" sheet out at the Arena is to be the scene of the action, which is billed to start at 9:00.

JOAN OF THE NANCY LEE



Misses Beatrice and Bessie Clark, who will be seen in the comic opera, "Joan of the Nancy Lee," which is to be presented tonight and tomorrow by the Philharmonic Society. It is being staged under the distinguished patronage of His Honor Lieutenant Governor Walsh, President Wallace and Dr. J. M. MacEachran.

Under the capable direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, who besides conducting the orchestra and chorus, is in full charge of the opera, and Mr. T. W. Dalkin, in whose experienced hands rests the dramatic work, the production has reached that stage where the only requisite for a grand success is a large audience. Without a doubt, "Joan of the Nancy Lee" will rival "The Bohemian Girl," which was so successfully produced under the same directors.

The Philharmonic Executive have worked long and arduously that the opera might be a success in every way. They appear to have chosen an opera of very fine quality as regards music and dialogue. The personnel of the executive is as follows: President, Larry Broughton; vice-president, Julia Tuttle; business manager, Bill Frost; music librarians, Frances Tilley and Jack Raymond; orchestra representative, Harry Prevey.

Argument for Varsity O.T.C. Invokes Brisk Controversy

VALUE OF MILITIA DEMONSTRATED

Major Strickland Presents Case for C.O.T.C. at Philosophical Meeting Wednesday—Heated Discussion Issues

Professor Strickland, at the Philosophical Society on Wednesday, clearly and forcefully showed why Canada needs the C.O.T.C. He was most insistent in showing that this was not an organization that glorified war or made any attempt to influence the student towards militarism. Canada herself is not strong enough to create or hamper a war, but this fact, together with growing internationalism, should

not lead the people into believing that all militia should be cast aside. The speaker showed that the militia is a potential force which stands behind the police in case of internal turmoil. Special police who have no training in coping with men more often do greater harm than good. But the power of the militia can be used only at the discretion of the Attorney General, and the officers are responsible in civil court for any abuse of authority. The C.O.T.C. is not part of the militia. It cannot be called out to assist in quelling riots. Its function is merely a training ground for men, subsequent to their training here, who may decide to enter the militia. Even those who do so are not liable for overseas service.

It was pointed out that, in 1914, few civilians in Canada had received any training for war. As a result, many men in the ranks had their very lives under the control of inexperienced officers. Would it not be far better for these men to be under the control of officers who had at least some little knowledge of what war implied? Mr. Strickland emphasized the fact that if a war broke out no person can escape a serious consideration of the facts. If he conscientiously thought it was right, he would go to war.

The speaker went on to show how for millions of years man has fought. He fights in commerce. Nations fight with tariffs. This is not condemned, but it exemplifies universal individual self-seeking at the expense of his fellowman of which war is but one example. Utopian systems ut-

terly ignore the diverse characteristics of mankind. A few high-minded people cannot will people to a higher plane.

Many people criticize the C.O.T.C. on the grounds that it makes the youth bloodthirsty, glorifies war, is conducive to war, or that the training given is so rudimentary that it constitutes a waste of public money. These remarks were made honestly, and must be met honestly. At the present time people think that war is impossible, but it must be remembered that they thought the same thing in 1914. Because war is not on the horizon, we must not completely ignore its menace. At C.O.T.C. lectures no mention is made of heroism in war. There is no suggestion that war is a profitable game.

The day of "my country, right or wrong" is past. But if atrocities are committed and one is offered the opportunity, sooner or later he cannot avoid the question, "Am I really justified in living here in peace and comfort, when even my small services might be of some value in terminating this awful struggle?" The question of previous military training will have little effect on the answer. It is entirely a matter of personal conviction. If the man feels that he will not do his duty to mankind to take up arms, he will refrain. If he thinks it is right, he will go. The percentage of potential officers is fairly high among university men, who in many cases in the last war had died in the ranks before their ability could be determined. Who is better fit to guard the lives of his

Alberta Wins From Sask. In Inter-Varsity Debate

PACIFIST PUBLIC OPINION HELD ESSENTIAL

Cecil Collier and Albert Duncan Deprecate Value of Restricting Key Minerals to Preserve World Peace

The last of a series of intervarsity debates was staged over the radio on Tuesday evening, and resulted in a unanimous win for Alberta over her adversary Saskatchewan. The Alberta team, consisting of L. C. Collier and Albert Duncan, supported the negative side of the resolution, "Resolved that an international restriction of the key minerals would be more effective in preserving world peace than a pacifist public opinion."

The Saskatchewan team (Mr. Vanleit and Mr. David MacFarland) supported the affirmative.

The debaters at once clashed on their issues, and became so worked up over their differences that they evidently ran into their rebuttal time, so that the latter had to be cancelled.

The affirmative wished to prove by statistics and other forms of proofs that no nation is self-sufficient in regard to minerals, and that an international agreement to control these minerals would result in peace. This ballyhoo of the invention of super-powerful gases which would eradicate whole cities and countryside, is nothing more (generally) than the product of some thrill magazine. Pacifist public opinion is also characterized by its lack of judgment, even when it does pursue a good policy it is so fickle that any burst of propaganda will swing it in the opposite direction.

On the other hand, the negative held that any control of minerals would not be effective for the following reasons:

1. If a war took place nations put to it would invent methods of extracting the desired mineral from some other ore.

2. Nations contemplating an imperial militaristic policy would be able to store up a sufficient supply of the desired minerals to last them for some time.

3. An international control of minerals would not influence a nation's preparations of gas and a real warfare, with which, in their opinion, the next war will be largely waged.

Then, too, there is the point that such an agreement would give U.S.A. and Great Britain (who control three-fourths of the world's supply), a superiority over the other nations that is not only unfair, but would never be allowed.

The winning of this debate leaves the score between the Western Universities as follows:

Alberta and B.C. have each won three debates.

Saskatchewan has won two. Manitoba leads the list with four wins, so that it will be they who meet the eastern representatives on Feb. 27.

STETTLER DEBATE DECLARED A DRAW

Alberta Team Debates at Mount Royal College Tonight

An interesting debate was held in the Elks Hall, Stettler, on Friday evening, Feb. 9th, on the subject, "Resolved that the salvation of Canada lies in the socialization of finance and major industries."

The affirmative was taken by Mr. Davis and Mr. Kilkenny, of the University of Alberta, and the negative by D. R. McIvor and C. L. Willis, of Stettler. There was a good crowd present, and the program, which lasted two hours, was varied by musical selections.

Mr. Davis led off the affirmative by declaring that salvation included more than the economic, and that socialism was not essentially economic.

Mr. McIvor, for the negative, dealt with major industries, and showed that socialization of these industries in the past had not always been successful.

Mr. Kilkenny stated that the C.N.R., although socially managed now, had evolved from private ownership, carrying its debts with it.

C. L. Willis dealt chiefly with credit, socialized and otherwise, and claimed that socialization was but leading the way to greater evils.

The decision was left to the audience, and as the applause was evenly divided, the debate was declared a draw.

This Friday, Feb. 16, two University debaters, Thomas Costigan and Leo Kunelius, will meet the Calgary team at Mount Royal College. The subject of this debate is, "Resolved that the new Nazi regime in Germany will ultimately prove of benefit to Europe."

The University team will uphold the negative. On Thursday evening they will also debate a team selected by the Rotary Club in High River on the subject, "Resolved that Canada's economic salvation lies in the socialization of her major industries and finance."

EXHIBIT OF PHOTOS IN ARTS BUILDING

Interesting Showing of Photographic Art Under Auspices of London Times

All the loveliness of English landscapes and English rural life is caught by the camera in the grouping of English photographs displayed in the Arts Building. The thick, gnarled, rough trees with their characteristic soft, rounded foliage, so truly a part of arboreal England form the backgrounds of the varied English scenes.

Horsemen, in their smart riding habits and mounted on spirited horses lead packs of hounds in the chase. The horses stamp and the dogs jump, with the eagerness to be away. The path is stone-flagged and leads up through the ancient gate, through the churchyard with its many grave-stones, to the stone church itself. A throng has gathered to watch the preparations for the coming sport, and the whole-hearted spirit of hunting England fills the air. Swans glide gracefully over the surface of the pool in the foreground, and the ripples circle to the outermost edges of the pool.

A picture of action and skill in seamanship is the one showing the Atlantic fleet in manoeuvres. England's claim to sea supremacy is well justified and supported by scenes like this.

Another water picture of intense interest in the Thames Barge Race. Cool-headed foresight and quick action is needed to keep the lead in such a contest.

The full glory of the sea is shown in Rough Seas at the Lizard. The boom of the far-off breakers, the crash of the near-waves tearing themselves on the rocky shore, and the solitary fisherman make the picture one of grandeur and of sweeping movement.

The photos of Mount Everest are extremely interesting; sharp rocky angles, steep jagged walks, snow-laden mountain tops, show the aloofness from the rest of the world, of the world's highest mountain peak. These pictures are truly remarkable.

Remarkable skill in photography was responsible for the excellent photos, in which so many different subjects are treated so universally well.

UNIVERSITY SERVICE

Principal A. S. Tuttle will address a service on Sunday next, Feb. 18, at 11 a.m., in Convocation Hall. The subject will be "Religion for the Times," and the international aspect of it will be stressed. Professor L. H. Nichols will preside at the organ.

I Saw This Week

Ken Smith posing for a picture after the basketball game on Saturday night.

A notice saying, "Shorty loves Mary," Ken Ives looking over the twenty-five valentines he received on Wednesday.

Magdalena Polley and Mary Sutherland twittering in the halls. Chris Jackson writing some questionable verse.

A. B. Evans and Larry Davis talking together very confidentially in the library.

Wally Beaumont and his shirtless crew of strong men putting on a good show Monday night.

Bashful Burke buying bath salts—Believe It or Not!



THE GATEWAY

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THE FLAG AGAIN

In the correspondence columns on this page we have been taken to task for a former editorial. The writer agrees with our opinion as to the merits of the flag submitted by the Native Sons, but here his agreement ends. We did not say that the Native Sons desired a complete rupture with the British Empire, nor do we pretend to know what they desire. Our contention was that by submitting a flag without a Union Jack on it they were loosening another tie of Empire, and so were advocating a course detrimental to the interests of the Canadian people. We did not suggest that if this design was adopted that the result would be catastrophic to Canada, but we do say that the course they are pursuing in this respect is symbolic of the nationalistic attitude of many people in Canada, who wish to abolish all traces of former Canadian dependence, and this position we wholeheartedly condemn.

Canada now is in a very fortunate position in the world. She is protected by the Monroe Doctrine, but not hampered by it, and the reason for this is our connection with the British Empire. Canada now has all the national freedom she needs, and to have complete national status with all its implications would be disastrous. No longer then would we be able to depend on Great Britain for protection, and then instead of being a big little nation we would rapidly become a dependency of the United States in matters of foreign policy. That we recognize this danger, perhaps subconsciously, is effectively demonstrated in the traditional antipathy of many of our people to things American. When we consider the Alaskan Boundary dispute, the "Chicago Water Seal" and similar occurrences, there seems to be some justifiable basis for our anxiety. But in so far as a "Canada on its own" is considered, there is no doubt as to the result when we observe the interminable American meddling in the countries of Central America.

The exact position of Canada is somewhat indefinite. It is very difficult to say she has national status, for she has not the right to declare war, and again, if Great Britain is at war Canada is at war. It is doubtful if we have been recognized abroad as a sovereign state even yet. The United States did not think fit to send us a separate invitation to the Washington Conference, and in August, 1933, the independent position of Canada had not yet been brought to the attention of the Japanese delegates to the Institute of Pacific Relations. The status of our external representatives is that of ministers plenipotentiaries and not the higher rank of ambassadors, which in our opinion is apparently some derogation of our complete sovereignty.

However, to return to the flag. We must confess that the reasons given by our correspondent for a new flag do not entirely convince us. If the Canadian embassy by a special act of parliament has already been given a flag, why make another one for them. Surely they are satisfied with their present ensign. Our friend says to have a Union Jack on our flag is an indication that we are a colony of Great Britain's. Perhaps this is the historic significance, but as he has already said Canada was recognized by the world as a nation in 1919, surely the meaning of the Union Jack in the upper corner has changed in the eyes of other countries. While nationalistic organizations exist we do not think there is any fear of Canadians under-estimating their importance in the world, and certainly a Union Jack in the corner of our flag will not give us an inferiority complex every time we look at it.

The flag that is accepted by the majority of people as the national flag is a very beautiful flag, and it does show our position in the British Commonwealth of Nations and our connection with England.

—D.M.



With that pioneering spirit that has placed us in the position in which we find ourselves today (the bug-bear of The Gateway), Casserole finds a new field to conquer and contaminate—the realms of science. For many years Casserole has catered to the patrons of the finer arts, and thus with a regrettable exclusion of some of the greatest contributions to hought in our rapidly advancing physical world. Science is the order of the day. Hence we lay down the banner of "hicti hic hoeey" and recall the immortal (?) words of Newton on having been hit on the head with an apple "misculnox badli" (which translated means, science advances with suffering).

THE ELEMENT "NERTZITE"

We present in resume today one of the greatest of hitherto unpublished papers in the realms of scientific endeavour, namely, the results of the astounding work of The New Ralgia Institute for the discouragement of pure thought: The discovery, physical and chemical properties of "Nertzite."

The element Nertzite was discovered as a result of bombarding Brazil nuts with Radium emanations, under a solution of Potassium Potentate at 0° Absolute and a pressure of 3.4×10^{27} atmospheres. This discovery was due to the untiring efforts of Shinplaster and Zilvh. To date a cube has been prepared, in all, measuring $3 \times 4 \times 2$ Angstroms.

The properties of this element are amazing, and may be summarized as follows:

1. It will unite chemically (or otherwise) with anything and has hence been given the name of the "Permissuous element." The most common salt is the gold Nertzite, commonly known as "Au nerts."
2. Pekin blue in color, it has a metallic lustre and has a hardness of 22 on Moh's scale, and hence is used for marking the price marks on diamonds.
3. It is the first element discovered with a flexible molecular weight dependent on temperature. Hence submarines constructed of this metal, if exposed to excess heat, will rise from the depths and float among the clouds like a Zeppelin.
4. The Sodium Salt, NaNa_2 (sodium nertzite), has a negative coefficient of expansion and if heated above 100°C . will contract in size until it vanishes, and hence can be used for pumping vacuums.
5. The tensile strength of the pure metal is stronger than that of steel, and has the elasticity of rubber (fancy that!).
6. The isolated ion is pink in color, and has a citrous taste (one gram-molecular weight will produce 7,000 gallons of pink lemonade, at N.T.P., N.R.A., or what have you).

Optical and Electrical Properties

7. It has a patriotic spectrum. Its bands take on the color of the flag of the country it is mined in. This leads to the electrical application. Due to the simple crystal form (Dyakisadodecahedral faces on a Hemimorphic parallelepypodon), one crystal of this material in a radio circuit will translate speech from one language to another, depending on the orientation of the crystal. Linguistic angles which have been determined are as follows:

Siwash—	$3^\circ 19'$
English—	$3^\circ 20'$
Swiss—	$84^\circ 02'$
Low German—	$82^\circ 10'$
High German—	$27^\circ 30'$
Broad Scotch—	$0^\circ 40'$
Straight Scotch—	$81^\circ 50'$
Vermouth—	$375^\circ 10'$

8. Light is reflected not by straight reflection (oh, dear no!), but in multa-quanta, and hence in a dark room the mineral appears to wind.

Magnetic Properties

9. Nertzite has a might violent anti-magnetism and hence the nertzium needles point East and West. Warning to users (particularly architects): Unless Nertzite is confined to the East and West walls, a building will rapidly rotate on its vertical axis. Consequently this will eliminate the necessity for revolving doors.

Biological Properties

10. Due to its great pigmatizing properties, Negroes so treated have passed as platinum blondes. And perhaps more astonishing, Zebras have been created with horizontal stripes.

The research of this mineral is still in its infancy, but who can predict the future for this gigantic, overwhelming, stupendous concoction?

Editor's Note: For the reader to appreciate this choice morsel, a thorough knowledge of higher mathematics (Arithmetic and Math. 1) is essential. However, an insight into Tensor Calculus, Minkowski-Tetrohedral beometry may be helpful.

Co-ed—I hear you broke your engagement to that aviator.

Mary Smith—Yes, I caught him plane around so I dropped him.

be permitted to belong to a fraternity, that is, any unit composed of students or students and former students, having a secret oath, secret constitution or pledges or with any signs of identification, such as pins, crests, Greek letters, etc., or having any connection outside the University. The Alma Mater Society Executive shall prosecute through the Alma Mater Society Court any members of the Alma Mater Society violating the above regulation. The penalty for such violation shall be the loss of his or her rights to participation in student political, social and athletic activities for a period of not less than one academic year.

Undergrads Ingenious at the Alabama "U"

Many ingenious schemes have been devised by students at the University of Alabama who refuse to be thwarted by "Old Man Depression" in their

efforts to get an education. Selling refreshments, developing pictures, delivering newspapers (at 5 o'clock in the morning), firing furnaces and tutoring are just a few of the means by which students are making out. In addition, there are some jobs which, because of their distinct unique appeal, stand out above the others. One of these is the job of ambulance driver. One rather enterprising student has installed a time service on the campus. By calling his number on the phone one may get the correct time, football scores, weather forecasts or any other information to which he has access.—Manitoba.

Indiana Had Heavy Penalty For Absence From Classes

Not to be permitted to take final examinations was the penalty of Indiana University students who cut classes promiscuously 50 years ago, according to statements compiled from old records by Miss Ivy Cham-



10993 71st Avenue,
South Edmonton, Alta.,
February 10, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Referring to your editorial in The Gateway of February 6, 1934, entitled, "A Flag For Canada," your criticism of the proposed emblem was well taken. This emblem is ugly both in design and color. But to represent, merely because this emblem has been proposed by the Native Sons, that that organization desires a complete rupture with the British Empire is absolutely fallacious. The Native Sons never have advocated anything but a strong Empire loyalty.

To illustrate the attitude of many Native Sons, those of my acquaintance criticized the proposed emblem because it was not beautiful, and also because there was nothing on it to indicate our relationship to the British Empire.

The Native Sons organization includes Canadians whose opinions are as varied as those of the whole people of Canada. Its creed is briefly this: to find out and have carried into effect those things which are best for Canada. The organization offers Canadians a chance to discuss their national problems and to form decisions; better because of the wealth of opinion and knowledge present. Where special knowledge is required, it is taken from the best sources available. This organization is Dominion-wide, having its assemblies scattered from coast to coast, so that purely local opinion is not expressed by the Grand Council, unless it is also the opinion of the mass of its members, which is quite representative, I believe, of the mass of Canadian sentiment.

It would seem that the editor has not heard of the Westminster Act which was passed by the British Parliament in 1931. This act acknowledged that Canada was a nation. That is, Canada now has ambassadors in foreign countries, she is responsible for her own foreign policy, and her own defence. Canada's status as a nation was recognized by the nations of the world when her representatives signed the Treaty of Versailles, and Canada became a member of the League of Nations. So Canada must decide what course she will pursue among the nations of the world, whether she be a great power or not.

The desire of the Native Sons is not that Canada isolate herself from the world (for that is impossible), but that she take a leading place in it for the promotion of peace and goodwill among nations.

And now we come to Canada's need of a distinctive Canadian flag. This need is at least fourfold, and there may be other needs, which have not occurred to me.

1. So that the Canadian embassy may be designated by a Canadian flag. A special act of parliament was required before Canada could use the Merchant Marine emblem for this purpose.

2. The present emblem has an heraldic meaning which is no longer true. Placing the Union Jack in the upper corner indicates that Canada is a dependency or colony ruled by Great Britain.

3. That her present position as a nation may be designated by the badge of a nation, as is that of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Union of South Africa.

4. That her people may realize more fully that they are now responsible for conducting a nation's business with nations as well as their national or internal affairs.

Yours truly,
DAVID C. RIFE.

THE ATTENDANCE QUESTION

Editor, The Gateway.

In the editorial "On Attendance" in the last issue of The Gateway the editor had the germ of an idea. I am not pointing this out as necessarily singular, but the idea is one I have long held myself, and I think it deserves a little further amplification.

A few years ago the faculty made somewhat of an attempt in the proper direction by making attendance at the lectures in a very considerable number of courses voluntary—

ness.

In 1887, a student who had been absent from more than one-seventh of the total number of recitations in any one subject could be admitted to examination only by a special vote of the faculty. Unless specially excused every student was required to attend four recitations or lectures every day, which amounted to 20 hours weekly.

A rule passed in 1883 reads: "Any student who absents himself from college duty to prepare an oration, essay, or other similar exercise, without permission from the President and members of the faculty to whom he is due in recitation, will be prohibited from the public use of his production."

"Absences will affect the standing of the student in scholarship and unexcused absences will also affect his standing in department. Also, five unexcused absences in any one term render the student liable to a report of his delinquency to his parents or guardians; ten such absences in any one term render him liable to the severest discipline of the University."—Indiana Daily Student.

According to certain professors at the University of Washington, students who aim for "A" grades are barren of personality. One professor declared that the great horde of "C" students moves the world. Another avowed that the "A" students are freaks.—U. of West. Ont. Gazette.

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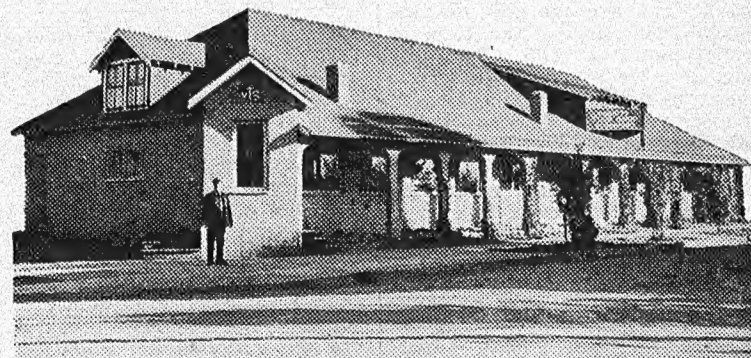
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HEATED SEDANS

at least you may write your examinations regardless of the number of absences. But that is only a first step, and a very feeble one. There are two necessary requisites that must follow. In disagreement with the editor, I believe that the student requires very much more "molly-coddling," and this can only come from a faculty which should be taken in hand by some strong soul and given a lot of "bullying and coddling" itself.

Just look over your professors. Aren't they for the most part a group of self-centred egotists, full of childish vanity, and so near-sighted that they keep bumping their noses into your every opportunity for getting an education, and spoiling it all? Their own subject is the only subject, it stands head and heels over all others in importance; you must have all interest in their subject—such nonsense. I study one subject a year, in which my greatest interest lies, and it is sometimes never even mentioned in one of my courses. Perhaps the University doesn't teach it. Then there are those professors who haven't a sufficient self-respect for themselves that when a student fails to regularly attend their lectures they think that the student has judged them deficient, and are hurt. Poor dears, oftentimes they are right. But the greater anomaly lies in the fact that they have the consummate conceit to believe that they are capable of giving lectures daily and in each lecture to have something that the student wants. That's a superhuman feat. The poor fellow who takes advantage of the new regulation is badgered with sarcasm in class, and his opportunities in an examination are distinctly limited by the narrow, prejudiced mind of the examiner. Until these evils in the professor are done away with the benefits from removing attendance regulations are small.

Then there is the student side of the question. Do you attend lectures when you feel that you might more profitably be spending your time doing something else? Are you then a timid soul? Or are you perhaps possessed by an unnatural love of your professor? Or has the apparent gravity of our little world stolen your sense of perspective? Personally I cannot stand meeting the same person almost daily each week and sitting quietly while he buzzes incessantly at me from the front of a classroom for the whole period of a hour. One alternative that is many times more profitable, may be had by putting in some of those hours in the Varsity Tuck Shop with a decent book, or magazine, an interesting friend, or merely watching the procession. Our University is unique in its possession of such an excellent coffee shop, and it offers within its doors an educational course that can scarcely be duplicated in kind or value anywhere that I know.

If only the professors could be remoulded, then they might take a little less interest in their own importance and the importance of their particular subject, and perhaps a little more in their students. They could do a great deal toward awakening latent possibilities within the student, in fostering them, or at least

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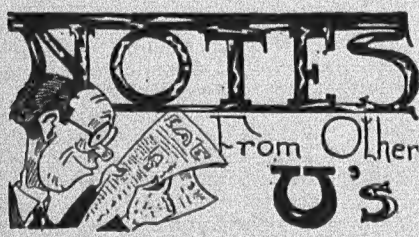
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seeing that the student was not hampered in his own self-development. The University is the place where the boy or girl comes to be developed, to be educated. Couldn't the University do a little less muddling along toward this goal, and by being just a bit more thoughtful—if a student has decided on going to hell, couldn't they give him a bigger and better push on his way? Your hell may be my paradise.



Fraternities Abolished at Queen's
The following two paragraphs were clipped from the Queen's Journal of February 9th, 1934:

Fraternities were abolished at Queen's at the mass meeting held on Wednesday morning with the passing of Section 1, Article XII of the amendments to the constitution proposed by the Alma Mater Society Executive. Section 1 makes membership in a fraternity an indictable offence and provides penalties for violation of the regulation. Section, Art. XII: No member of the Alma Mater Society shall

CO-ED COLUMNS

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

Pre-season games with the Grads and other quintets (though far less illustrious ones) having drawn to a close, Varsity again encounters their old rivals, the Gradettes. This time the first game of the provincial basketball series resulted in a 72-21 win for the Gradettes.

Varsity put forth their strongest efforts in the first half, and held the Gradettes to a 17-point advantage. Thereafter the Gradette combination forced its way through to score basket after basket, till the final count was reached.

In summary, for Varsity Irene Barnett was high scorer again with 7 points. Helen Ford added 6 more, making beautiful shots from difficult sections of the floor. Amy Cogswell, another speedy forward, played a good game, contributing 4 points. On the lineup with Mary Howard and Gwen Nixon (who each got away with a basket) were Betty Black, Ev Barnett, Marg Sutton and Jean Cohen.

Varsity's annual Badminton tournament got under way to a good start last night in all divisions, and is due to draw to a close by the end of the week.

Among those noticed making singles entries were Janet Atkin, Nancy Steel, Fern Atkinson, Mary Smith, Marian Bell and Betty Farquharson.

Peggy Aitken, former Varsity student and last year's Varsity singles champion, made a clean sweep of the city singles, doubles and mixed doubles events. We wish her continued success in the provincial tournaments.

In an exhibition game with the South Side Sharks, a House League team, after holding down a lead during the opening minutes, met defeat. Gwen Nixon rolled up the greatest number of points. Irene James and Kay Stockton played strenuous games. Toward the end the Sharks put over a productive combination attack, suddenly shooting their score up to a 34-18 count.

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YE GODS
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US

We came across a copy of The Sheaf, the student paper of the University of Saskatchewan. It was dated January 26, 1934, and under an article headed "U. of Alberta Debaters Alter First Opinion," one of our representatives quoted the other as saying that Saskatchewan was one University he had come to in which the co-eds combined beauty with brains.

A Daniel came to judgment—yes, a Daniel! Our debater speaks with the authority and confidence which comes only after long years of experience with co-eds of many universities. We were unaware that we had such globe-trotters in our midst. We may conclude only two things: either our honorable representatives, if they have had the opportunity and time to visit all the universities in the world, must be infant prodigies or keep a generous supply of dye on hand for "those first grey hairs."

But now we ask you: is this just a case of young hopefuls cracking their hatbands and growing out of their boots, or is it the case of the man who is so anxious to make a good impression when he goes out that he will praise the most inferior dish of his hostess while he never spends a second thought on the excellent meals prepared at home for him every day. In other words, our debaters do not seem to appreciate the co-eds of their own University, but take the first chance they can to infer to visitors that they are lacking in either beauty or brains, that they are either what Dorothy Dix describes as a combination of saucy eyes and brainless pate or bluestocks with the proverbial untied shoelaces. And frankly, we are angry! "Ye gods, it does amaze us that men of such feeble temper" should so get the start of the debating world. And these are our debating representatives! They seem to have been greatly admired by the co-eds of Sask., and to have taken the admiration as something very pleasant and as their due. Shall we cry copiously like Amelia, and cry out in deep agony of spirit, "Et tu Brute"; or shall we end with the touching and highly significant words, "Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you!"

—"Z."

TRIOLET

(In the interests of posterity)
"I want a title to my name,"
Said Mr. Bennett, with decision,
"Since I'll go down, no doubt, to fame
I want a title to my name.
I don't see why this worthy aim
Should meet with such unjust de-
rision.
I want a title to my name,"
Said Mr. Bennett, with decision.
—STOLEN.

ENGINEERS

Playboy or saint, athlete or idealist, voluptuary or misogynist, the engineering faculty embodies a diversity of types. The most prevalent is the picturesque. Inspired in their Freshman year with a sense of the histrionic, first year engineers go on hunger strikes to appear in slouch velours, whip-cords, suede jackets, sixteen-inch boots and briar pipes. Gazing blasé through field glasses at the sidewalks and Freshettes on the campus, they certainly have appeal—like misplaced villains in cowboy melodramas. This, of course, is very primitive and obvious. The most artistic outgrowth of their mental background becomes far more subtle. The girders and spans of a shadowy bridge silhouetted in the Peruvian dawn, the weird red glow of a fusion furnace belching forth molten fires of steel; the great glass retorts of a chemical laboratory and a haggard-eyed scientist awaiting the outcome of an epoch-making experiment—what dramatic situations for the imagination. This romantic illusion of Science and Youth challenging the old order of things is heady wine. That's why the engineers are such idealists, though they try so hard to hide their romantic yearnings. Some of them write poetry, some of them have S.C.M. hankering which they screen by a pseudo-crustiness evinced in a sort of beer-garden Bohemianism, and an antipathy to theologians and The Gateway. A combination of the virility of Nature's wide-open spaces and the wide-eyed ingenuity of a St. Mark's choir boy make this species of campus life most interesting and unpredictable.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

This novel by Hervey Allen is certainly one of the most fascinating and delightful of modern novels. We feel that Allen must have lived during the Napoleonic era—his vivid detailed description of so many of the phases of that period are intensely real—he makes us feel the atmosphere of that time. In this world of naturalistic depressing novels, his book affords a charming relief, with its clear, sunny colorful impressions. The whole story has a fairy-tale atmosphere, but certainly no fairy-tale vagueness—it is like a delicately-cut etching, perfectly colored, bright and clear.

Then this biography of Antony is absorbing. The first part of the book is, perhaps, the best of it all. Antony's mother with her little madonna, the cynical harsh Donhuus, his gay young Irish father fascinate us from the beginning, as does the frowning chateau and the sunny green countryside. In the first few pages we feel that we know them all, as if we had known them for years.

The history of Antony's birth, his "coming alive" in the quiet gray court of the convent, then his apprenticeship in Naples and his travels—the whole tale is bright and full of humor. We can't put it down till the end. True, the African part is rather far-fetched, and Antony is ex-

tremely lucky, but Allen makes it all seem possible. Antony's merry adventures with Vincent in France would form an idyllic and forceful conclusion, but Allen goes on. Antony sails to the United States—the last part is undeniably flat.

Allen's characterization is splendid. Though he passes lightly over many of them, we know each individual personally and intimately; we sympathize with their way of thinking from Don Sancho and the footmen to Antony himself. Antony's internal mental history is just as entertaining as his external physical one. The people he meets are extremely likeable, almost to a man, yet they are a heterogeneous crowd; there are Antony's grandfather, and Vincent, the Cuban Cibo, Captain Jorham and his wife, Brother Francois, and, of course, the women. The numerous colorful smaller characters are just as deftly, concisely and sympathetically drawn as the more important ones.

The end of this vigorous story leaves us with a vivid impression of having seen various memorable landscapes and of having known—not only met—many intensely interesting people. Allen is an unusual author; his creation should live far into the future.

—A. D. F.

A SERMON

The present-day situation is one that in an earlier age would have driven men to seek a means of escape from despair through mystical religions or supernatural rites. A world caught in the throes of its own machinations, every institution that has been introduced to help attain happiness for mankind proving a barrier to that end, nation after nation belligerently seeking interests opposed beyond all hope of reconciliation—the situation is one which seems to call for supernatural intervention. Adding to the tragedy is the fact that we have somewhat lost our faith in mystical religions. We found that the last international conflict in which we indulged, brought little, if any, purification. Our confidence in mystical rites is sadly weakened. Yet the despair and helplessness which prompted theistic performance is in our hearts today.

"Come, my friends, let's seek a newer world."

There may still be renunciatory souls who can find a consolation in the hope that there lies beyond the grave a better life than this. For most of us there is no such conviction. Neither have we yet been shown the way to reach a fresh and unspoiled world by sailing "beyond the shroud of all the western stars." The only alternative is to make this world what we want it to be.

Are we to confirm the protests of a few less courageous men, who stand aside and cry, "Human nature stands in the way?"

They admit, these timid ones, that human nature can be altered by education. But can it ever be altered to gain the desired objective by the education which is offered today?

The modern process of education teaches a child not to study and to be happy in the pursuit of study, but to "cram" in order to make high marks—not to seek knowledge for the pleasure which it gives, but to acquire a lot of facts, so that later he may be more equipped to triumph over his neighbors and to secure a higher place (estimated in proportion of worldly goods) than his comrades.

By the time students reach a university and are subject to the influence of a little philosophy, and have a glimmer of ethical light thrown upon their minds, the principles to which they were subjected earlier have become so much a part of them that they refuse and even are not capable of facing the truth. They can find a hundred ways of rationalizing that instinct in themselves which they have allowed to become their master, and which they know to be wrong. They wriggle and hide behind any available barrier which offers so they may not have to face the searching light of what is true and right.

Besides, it is only a privileged few, either intellectually or economically, who are even able to reach a university, and by far the great majority go out from an elementary or high school with all too rugged and elementary a sense of the importance of the individual.

Time immemorial has taught that for the good and the uplifting of the race as a whole, some individuals have had to make concessions. Every law ever passed to benefit the majority has meant that some persons must accept and make the best of what they consider a direct infringement of their personal rights. It is evident that to find a way out of the present situation, sacrifices are going to be necessary on the part of someone. Useless sacrifices are now being made, more sane and effective ones could be made without entailing nearly as much suffering.

When we go out of this university we go out with equal chances of making a million dollars, or for that matter, of fighting to corner all the wealth of the world. On the other hand, we are given an opportunity to see what folly this would be and what a crime it would constitute against the rest of the world. We realize that we must reject selfish ambition in order to bring about a happier order for mankind as a whole.

Are we to follow the dictates of those less worthy promptings which some designate as human nature, but which are merely perversions of human nature necessitated at one time by circumstances which no longer exist? Are we to justify the protests of those who, attempting to rationalize their own selfishness, and fear hat in a new order they may lose something of the worldly goods which they now possess, cry, "It can't be done!"

Are we to see that the light and the philosophy of all the ages has been pointing toward one goal which is now within our reach? Are we to be pioneers in resolve and in action, or are we to be martyrs to the spirit of "What is to be, will be?"

"In presence of our callousness and greed,
The mangled corpses of the nations bleed."

—EVE.

NOTHING

Whenever
The weather
Gives promise of rain,
I feel
All my zeal
For my studies to wane.

I wonder
If thunder
Will rend from the sky,
A star,
From afar,
That will fall with a sigh.

In worry
I'd hurry
To see if 'twere hurt,
And gently,—
So gently
To wipe off the dirt.

But I know
'Twould be so,
Where I'd seen it to fall,
There'd be nothing,—
Just nothing,
No star there at all!

—M. W. M.

THE CALICO CAT

We enjoyed the Philosoph the other night tremendously, until some one suggested that women might have to fight in the next war. Mildly alarmed, we planned a brisk retreat to the North Pole—the most inaccessible spot we could think of—in case of such a possibility. Just why we should partake actively in man-made battles we don't quite know. However, if we must, we must. How about having a feminine O.T.C.? If we could only find as picturesque a captain as Bill Procter we would be all set.

After listening to Dr. Rowan's very delightful lecture over the radio last night, we wished that we were a whale or a Korea bear or anything rather than a human being. We hid our head under a pillow and blushed for shame that mankind has not been able to see past its own nose. But what nonsense! Calico Cats don't blush. Gingham Dogs, please note, do.

Somehow we always felt that Percival Hodnut was a sentimentalist.

On Romance

By H. W. J.

I am hopelessly romantic. I have always been. The workaday world is not good enough for me; it must be dressed in radiant apparel to merit my approval.

Courtly men and lovely women in a Geneva or Viennese setting figure large in my imagination; soft waltz strains waft me to a land of silken delights, where low lights, rich upholstery, and rare wines abound in a tomorrowless present. For a while I dwell in a sumptuous hall of ambassadors.

Again, under different ceilings, beautiful woman spies accost me with a view to unearthing state secrets. But I always outwit them, not, however, without a certain joy from the inviting situation.

Head-waiters in all important European hotels know me by sight, and hasten to meet me, telling me how glad they are to see me again. And what rare dish did I want this time? Did I still like Tokay?

In another mood I know the monstrous lurchings of a ship wallowing through a heavy sea—the crackling silences of the Antarctic fastnesses, where Admiral Byrd and his men stay—the pelting onslaught of a cavalry charge bearing down on a battery position, which vomits death.

Many other situations I could name of which I have been a part. Not in body, but in imagination.

These are the materials of my romances. Ridiculous! you may say, and you will be right. The psychologists have a name for it—an ugly name. But, let that be as it may, I derive a restful joy from this occupation, which to a large extent counteracts offences against my five senses.

After one is wearied and confused by the fluid of events we call life, it is with a feeling of relief that one sinks into a dream-state, like a tired child in a cool bed, or picks up somebody else's paper-bound dreams and merges with them in a perfect union of ecstasy and understanding. For a while, one feels he has solved the riddle of the Sphinx, learned the significance of the Universe, placed Man in his rightful slot in the sum total of things, learned the meaning of true and eternal beauty, come to the realization of the grandeur and dignity of human achievement, and looked upon a light that never was on land or sea, which suddenly seems to explain everything to him.

In this charmed neighborhood of the spirit a soft, melting sky beams down. Distance dissolves into distance outlining gently an upland of pleasant prospects. Here, nothing is clear-cut, all is indefinite. A dreamlike calm broods over all.

These idyllic scenes owe allegiance to only one—a paragon of things knightly. He believes in such faded and old-fashioned things as honor, truth, loyalty, faith, love for all, patience and long-suffering, and forgiveness. Under his beneficent reign his rustic subjects are contented, not with the sluggishness of animals, but with the happiness gained from performing useful activity. Here, no thought is given to selfish acquisition of an excess of goods.

How impractical, yet how delightful! How different from the hardening and cauterizing era we are living in! Poor mortals that we are, we cannot escape the tentacles. Want stretches out at us. Hence, we compromise with our higher natures to an alarming extent in order to keep the wolf from the door. Yet, in the long run we are no better off; much worse, in fact. All we have acquired from the betrayal is years.

When this slack-twisted, incomprehensible state of affairs becomes too much for me, I retire into the shadows of romance—cool shades where peace and plenty dwell.

Romance! Romance as embodied in the play, where all is done agreeably, completely, and heroically. There is a dignity here, even in defeat; because one is made to feel the splendor of Men's soul as it pits itself against the unknown, splendid are his proposals in the face of nature's disposals.

When all is told, romance enfolds situations alive with the dignity and power of human endeavor. Hence the delight in clothing the human figure in bright cloths and trappings and setting his movements to music

(Continued on Page Six)

SOCIETY
COLUMN

I yearn to be one of these society reporter people. It must be a grand job. All week you tear around to parties and teas and dances and races. Then on Saturday you sit down in front of a pile of clean white paper, and just let your pen wander on. No thought is required. You don't have to strain your mind—if you have one—to the slightest degree. There are no cramping rules of grammar or syntax, no exact formulae of literary composition, no restrictions in regard to subject matter.

For example, one society column in a widely-read Canadian journal goes like this:

"... The drawing-room is a refreshing green in colour scheme, and Mrs. Smith's burgundy velvet gown went beautifully with it; in the dining-room one could scarcely see more than a sea of faces, but tapers flickered in some exquisite Georgian candelabra festooned with crystal pendants, and the Isaac canvas of Atholl, the white horse, hanging above the Georgian mantel. Mrs. Jones wore an ivory lace gown with the distinction she imparts to all her clothes, her gold and silver sandals were especially smart, and Miss Joy Jones, who made her debut with that popular coterie of 1931 debas, on her return from finishing school abroad, was stunning in black velvet, the bodice embroidered with pearls and crystals. Mr. and Mrs. Jones Robinson were there, of course, also Miss Mary White, Mrs. Black's daughter, who is such a tennis star, and Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, whose own daughter is yet tiny, but important, as her name is Eve..."

That is art! The columnist just rambles on in a "delightfully informal" manner, and the result is a masterpiece. Think of the possibilities of the thing. Local newspapers could increase their circulation an hundred-fold by running columns of breezy gossip (accompanied by photographs) in this vein:

"Quite one of the most charming affairs of the fall season was the husking-bee held at the little red schoolhouse by Mrs. Hiram Sloane, who is by the way a distant connection of the Mayor of Birdseye Centre, who was ravishing in a clinging gown, of rose-coloured print..."

With several chatty columnists of this type, every small town, every village, every country crossroads in Alberta could be made society-conscious!

—L. W.

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SPORTS



VARSITY AND SOOPS MEET IN FINAL PLAYOFFS

Varsity Defeats Celebrated Raymond Union Jacks

Close Game Finished With Lead for Varsity—Smith and Henderson Again Star

Led by Ken Smith, fast Varsity forward, Coach Arn Henderson's Golden Bears won a hard-fought victory over the celebrated Union Jacks of Raymond. From beginning to end it was a hard-fought battle, Varsity striving to maintain their slight lead, while the Jacks were endeavoring to catch up.

Reed Kirkham, high scorer of Friday's game, started by putting Raymond in the lead. The lead was short-lived, however, for Malcolm and Anderson each sank a basket, while Smith followed with 5 points in a row, putting U. of A. ahead 9-2. From then until the end of the period the scoring saw-sawed back and forth, play being fairly even. At half-time the score was 14-9 for Varsity.

During the second half the Jacks outscored Varsity by 2 points, but 2 points were not quite enough. O'Brien and Hague led the renewed attack, but the contributions of Smith and Hal Richard kept Varsity ahead. At 15:55 the southerners called time out, score 24-22 Varsity. They came on and Malcolm made use of a penalty shot, Smith, O'Brien and Kirkham field baskets, bringing the score to 27-26, still Varsity. At this point, 17:45, Arn called time

out, and then sent in Smith and Anderson for baskets. With the score 31-26, Jacks now called time at 18:50. Nilsson went back in and scored the last point of the game, making it 31-28.

Both teams had streaks of hard luck about the baskets. The lack of final finish to some of the Bears' beautiful plays brought many a groan from the poor gallery. Nevertheless, Saturday night the Bears played their best basketball of the season, and will undoubtedly improve before the Lethbridge Young Liberal games this coming week-end.

For Varsity, Arn Henderson in initiating plays and defensively again proved himself to be the mainstay of the team. Ken led the scoring with his 16, while Richard, Anderson and Malcolm each scored 5. Richard also played well on defense.

Hague and O'Brien with 9 and 8 points each, led the Jacks. Kirkham and Fairbanks were both much less dangerous and were held down better than in the first game. Raymond also lost points due to lack of accuracy in this penalty shots. Out of 11 shots they only scored 4, while out of 8 shots Varsity scored 5.

The Golden Bears are playing real basketball and deserve much better support than they are receiving. How about jamming the stands for the game with Lethbridge? Come on; remember now, and jam upper gym; it shouldn't be hard.

Summary

Raymond—O'Brien (8), Kirkham (6), Fairbanks (3), Nilsson (2), Rolfsen, Nalder, West, Hague (9); total, 28. Fouls, 8.

Varsity—Malcolm (5), Smith (16), Anderson (5), Henderson, Richards (5), Wood, Shipley, Kiewel, Cherrington; total, 31. Fouls, 10.

Officials—Ian Sellers, Earl Zemp, Percy Page, Johnny Woznow.

Football has fallen in line with the depression at Wittenburg College, Ohio, where seats for the games can be obtained for as low as 49 cents. —Daily Northwestern.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

Anyone who doubted Prof. Strickland's statement, at the Philosophical Society's meeting Wednesday night, to the effect that all men are born fighters should make a special effort to watch Coach Wally Beaumont's boys in action. Also any junior officers around the campus who feel their superiority complex getting the better of them, might try going to the Y and telling Louis Lavoie that he is "just a big fat slob," or words to that effect. Garbage collectors will be in attendance.

The boys put on a good show and one that will prove increasingly popular if kept at the high standard reached on Monday night. Rod Pike had rather hard luck with his two-fisted opponent. We would have liked to have seen him get the decision. Better luck next time, Rod.

Bob Jackson's wrestling troupe was a credit to the grunt and groan game. Ev Borgal did well to get a decision from his adversary. We thought Ev was done when his head came in contact with that floor. There is no telling what will happen when Greek meets Greek.

Don Wilson will lead his team of swimmers against the Saskatchewan waders on Saturday, March 3rd, at the Y.W. pool. Several newcomers will be in action this year, among whom are Jack Bergman, Jack McCaig and Pat Garret. The intercollegiate title will be at stake. Come and give the boys a hand.

The basketball team is to meet Lethbridge next week in the last games of the schedule. With three wins in four time out, the boys look good to get a couple more wins. Mert Keel, former Bear star, will be in action with the invaders. Other players of his calibre combine to make an all-star squad. It looks like there were all the ingredients present for a first-class series.

Boxing and Wrestling Card Popular Entertainment

Varsity and Overtown Fighters Meet in First Matches

The manly art of boxing and wrestling again come into its own when after a lapse of three years the campus club featured a tournament in the upper gym Monday night. The card was featured by interfaculty bouts and clashes with the Y.M.C.A. from overtown. From all appearances the crowd was well pleased with the exhibition shown, and were not reluctant to show their pleasure or displeasure with the various contestants. Much praise is due Frank Morrison,

president of the club, and coaches Bob Jackson and Wally Beaumont for the successful promotion of a good night's showing.

The interfaculty bouts were of good calibre, and the boys seemed to be in good shape. The boxing tilts showed plenty of action, and the fighters were not adverse to handing it out.

The open competition between the Y and Varsity presented to the galleries some of the best amateur men of the province in action. In the grappler division Ev Borgal and Ralph Davies won decisions, while in the glove exchanges Reg Dowdell, Varsity lightweight, gained his win on points. Jack Garry, of the Y.M.C.A., was high man of the evening, successfully winning his two encounters at the mat.

The exhibition bouts drew their share of the applause, and while not showing the fighting spirit, produced enough action to keep the crowd on their toes. The plans of Wally Beaumont, Varsity boxing coach, for a burlesque bout went slightly awry when in the encounter with his pupil, John Bartleman, a well-planned swing set the referee, Hugh O'Brien, out of the picture. Louis Lavoie, Olympic star and one-time heavyweight boxing champion of Canada, was somewhat hampered by the twelve-ounce gloves in the exhibition with John Blocklinger, Alberta welterweight titleholder. The two were playing to the gallery with the wisecracks and self-inflicted punishment, but after the five rounds the match was declared a draw. The final bout of the evening was perhaps the best mat exhibition of the evening. The grunt and growl artists in the persons of Pat Meehan and Gil Knudson, two Alberta champions, showed what the gentle art of wrestling could really be. After ten minutes of a series of headlocks, flying tackles and general squirming about on the ropes, Meehan emerged victorious to hold his laurels.

Bill King acted as the efficient ring announcer. The judges of the evening were Dr. Broadus, Dean Howes and Col. Jamieson. Dr. Dodds graced the ring as wrestling referee, while Miles Palmer officiated in the boxing.

The bill of the evening was as follows:

Interfaculty Wrestling
Harold Hinkler (Pharmacy) vs. Pattison (Arts). Winner, H. Hinkler.
T. Patching (Science) vs. Parnak (Arts). Draw.

Interfaculty Boxing
Fred Clelland (Arts) vs. Pat Garret (Applied Science). Winner, F. Clelland.
Frank Morrison (Ag) vs. Maddin (Arts). Winner, Maddin.

University vs. Y.M.C.A.
Wrestling—
Bob Jackson vs. Jack Garry, Y.
Winner, Jack Garry.
Ralph Davis vs. Garth Evans, Y.

Soops Defeat Varsity In First Play-off Battle

Rule, Scott and Maybank Turn in Wonderful Game for Varsity, While Crossland and Montgomery Take Packers' Honors

Maybank's sensational goal-tending was the outstanding feature of the first game of the city senior playoffs. Ira Stuart's meat-packers bombarded the Varsity nets thirty-nine times, but only scored four times, with three of the goals being the luckiest that we have seen for a long, long time.

Pat Hunter's pupils put on the pressure from the face-off, when Bill Montgomery engineered a breath-taking attack that ended in failure. Duke Ferguson retaliated with a brilliant rush, but the Soops came right back, forcing Talbot to break up a nice rush. About this time Lloyd McIntyre and Bus Brown took a trip to the cooler, giving Varsity an opportunity to use some power plays, which were badly shattered by Stuart. Before any effective work could be done Brown and McIntyre were back in the fray. The play see-sawed back and forth until the end of the period. The Soops pressed hard, but the Bears turned in a well defensive game. Duke Ferguson was the star of the Varsity attack. Maybank stopped fifteen shots, while Stuart turned aside six.

In the second period things began to happen. Duke, who was working with Kinnear and McConnell, figured prominently in every attack. Bus Brown showed his heels to the Varsity team many times, but Kinnear was very effective in his back-checking of this flashy youngster. The condition of the ice was a topic for many surprised fans. Art Wilson and Doc Webster are to be complimented for the out-maneuvring of the weather man. Many scrambles ensued in front of the goal mouths. On one of these, five Varsity men had rushed the Soops defense. Crossland picked up a loose puck and slithered a lucky shot past Maybank for the first tally of the evening. Scott got away, but tangled with McIntyre and came off second best. The Bears turned on four-man attacks, which burned up the ice and kept the customers at fever heat, but Stuart turned the shots aside. Talbot made a nice attempt, but Crossland again picked up a loose puck and shot a high one that bounded off Maybank's chest into the air and dropped over his shoulder for the Soops' second counter. Maybank kept smothering shots in great style, until Rule picked up a rebound of McIntyre's and flanked by Cruickshank and Scott, left the Soops at the wrong end of the ice. Cruickie picked up his pass and slipped it across to Scott, who fooled Stuart to even the score.

From the face-off the same line got away. Scott slipped the biscuit to Rule, and another goal was earned by Varsity. Maybank kept smothering shots from all angles, so that the Soops had to work hard for the shot of Brown's which, by an act of Providence, found the net, when Lammie got the rebound.

Only the stellar performance of Maybank saved any more scoring. The Bears had an edge on the period, and kept Stuart busy, but the weight and pace set by the Brown boys was beginning to tell.

Three minutes after the final frame got under way, Bill Montgomery amabled into the Bears' backyard. Talbot snatched the puck away from him, but he was right back with it to shoot over Talbot's almost prone body, thus chiselling another goal out of Maybank. From then on the Bears pounded Stuart, and when the meat men came down Maybank did swan dives to smother the puck.

Rule was playing like a fiend, while Talbot did a nice job of defense, being ably assisted by Gibson and Burgess. All to some avail, since there was no further scoring.

The lineup:
Superiors—Stuart, Montgomery, Lammie, McIntyre, Graham, Purcell, Horn, Joe Brown, Bus Brown, Crossland.

Varsity—Maybank, Gibson, Talbot, Burgess, Kinnear, McConnell, Ferguson, Cruickshank, Scott, Rule.

First period—No score.
Second period—Crossland (unassisted, Crossland (unassisted), Scott (Cruickshanks), Rule (Scott), Lammie (Brown).

Third period—Montgomery (unassisted).
Varsity 2, Superiors 4.

SKI TOURNAMENT

The Eskimo Ski meet will be held on Sunday, Feb. 18. The cross-country races will start at 12 o'clock from Aantbasca Hall. The jumps are at 2:30 p.m. at the Varsity jump, directly west of Athabasca residence.

Richard moved up to the regular staff; he certainly justified his promotion.

The second frame was not spectacular, but the Jacks played good basketball, maintaining possession of the ball, but making as many shots as possible count. As a result of this the Bears were never in a position to threaten the Jacks' advance. Hague came on in this period for the Jacks, and found the hoop with consistent regularity, to the despair of Alberta. The scoring was a succession of Fairbanks, Kirkham, Hague, O'Brien and sometimes Nilsson. Then the round began again. Occasionally Smith and Anderson dropped the ball through the hoop, but they didn't have many opportunities.

From the second period the Union Jacks appeared to be the better team, though the Bears were good, and every member was working hard. O'Brien was the best on the floor.

The Lineup:
Raymond—O'Brien (14), Kirkham (17), Nalder, Nilsson (2), West, Fairbank (7), Rolfsen, Hague (9); total, 49.
Varsity—Smith (10), Henderson (3), Anderson (5), Malcolm (6), Shipley (2), Richards (5), Woods, Cherrington, Moscovitch, Kiewel; total, 31.

RAYMOND JACKS STILL LEADERS

Smith Stars for Varsity; Kirkham and O'Brien for Jacks

The Golden Bears played against some real opposition on Friday night when they lost their senior basketball fixture to the Raymond Union Jacks by a score of 31-49. The play was not as lopsided as the score might indicate, though the Jacks did have the best of the play in the second period. The Bears showed their best form in the first half, but the solid defensive tactics of the southerners, coupled with their ability to maintain possession of the ball, caused them to forge ahead and demoralize the Bears' opposition in the final spasm.

In the first half Smith opened the scoring for the Bears by dropping a nice basket. Nilsson on being fouled by this same Smith failed to score. Smith again scored, but failed to get a free throw given to him shortly afterwards. O'Brien, who was the star of the evening, began his deadly work for the Jacks by scoring a lovely basket. Kirkham followed his lead and dropped in another one. Arn Henderson added three points before Fairbank and O'Brien hooked up to boost the Jacks' total by five points. After this barrage Anderson began to make his presence felt in the scoring column by running in four points by himself, while O'Brien and Kirkham notched six for the visitors. Malcolm and Smith of the Bears also endeavored to stem the tide, but despite their efforts the Jacks managed to gain a lead of 6 points, which was cut to 4 by Richard just before the whistle blew for half-time.

The first half was very even. At no time was either team more than six points ahead, and this only for a matter of seconds. In fact, most of the time a basket either way would have upset the equilibrium. Every member of each team was good. O'Brien of the visitors showed the possibilities that he proved in the second half. We were glad to see

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Such Women are Dangerous —W.C.T.U. and I.O.D.E.

By "Volcano"

If women in Canada are playing a more and more dominant role in our social life, and if the women's page—or is it the Sassy News?—in our daily papers indicates their real ideas, then I am all for Hitler and sending some of them back to kitchen, children and church.

To anyone with a sense of the ridiculous, the page I referred to was as funny as you like; however, with it were indications of insidious and undesirable work that certain groups seem bent upon. When the Liberals shriek of the "awful" dangers of "Socialism in the schools," isn't it time someone raised a voice about the noisy, undignified, blatant, flag-wagging jingoism of the I.O.D.E. and the narrow, ignorant and unscientific drive of the W.C.T.U.?

In almost every column of the women's page we see their stuff. "That the flag be shown and that the national anthem be played at all picnics, fairs, and other public occasions, and that the flag be flown at all public houses throughout the province," was proposed to Mr. Brownlee by our I.O.D.E. delegate. We were told that the government would "consider" the matter. Well, we know what that means. Thank heaven, Mr. Brownlee isn't an easy man to be henpecked. We see in another column that these red-hot imperialists have been "sponsoring British films in the local theatres, and the result is that they are gaining constantly in popularity." No, no, they merely happen to be getting bearable, sometimes good, and every very good; that is why they are gaining in popularity. It is not flag-waving that does it.

It breaks my heart to see such pathetic attempts at Canadian national adulation as is reported on this same page in the announcement of a meeting of the "Canadian Authors' Association." Real authors, you know, don't have to have an association. And then mixed up with this is the peasant-like worship of kings and princes that these good folk have probably never seen, and who really aren't worth seeing anyway. I don't dispute the constitutional usefulness of a "crown." But remember that a democratic country, as this should be, should not admit George V as king "by the Grace of God," but by the grace of the Canadian people. You and I live in North America; for heaven's sake let us admit it, and work for something newer and better than blind worship of flags, kings and princes.

The W.C.T.U. apparently want all liquor advertising stopped, and instruction in the schools by "graphic information regarding the harmful effects of alcohol and tobacco." Such crazy kill-joy harpies have, I suppose, ever been with us, and have happily only once achieved their aims. (And that is over with now.) As for the "harmful effects of alcohol," I would like to refer these women to a pamphlet by Prof. A. E. Armstrong, the world-famous chemist of London U., written for a "Moderation League." He points a hundred times more to the good effects of alcohol and quotes the good old Bible (you can quote it to prove anything), "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

The Ontario "Bible Belt" culture seems still fairly firmly entrenched in Canada. I have no objection to anyone being an "abstainer" (self-righteous word, isn't it?), but no one can persuade me that Socrates or Shakespeare or even my humble self would be "better men" by following them. But when an organization keeps constantly busy—busy to the point of hysteria—trying to make me like them, then I do get angry and "view with alarm" their dangerous goings-on.

All the women were not dangerous, though. In fact, a consideration of birth control was one of the items of the day. It seems that it is criminal in this enlightened country to "allow information preventing conception to be given out." Oh Canada! Our home and native land . . . !

POT POURRI

This Issue: A Flayer Flayed, War Photographs Unveiled, And Information Offered to Lovers of The Spoken Drama.

By Percival Hodnut

It ill pleases the Hodnut dignity, it ill befits the splendid isolation of Pot Pourri, to be asked to go down into the marketplace and engage in vulgar combat with a contributor to this journal. However, once the Hodnut cheek has been slapped with a soiled gauntlet, we are never loath to don saber and spurs and charge to our foe's undoing.

Gardez-vous, H.W.J.: were it not for lethargy in the local post office, we had dealt with you before this. We received the Feb. 6 issue of The Gateway too late to give earlier answer to "Puns Punched." Our parry and thrust will be stinging enough in effect, nevertheless.

Getting His Goat: Nanny Doesn't Live There Any More

With regard to the use of "we" in this column: any true journalist, and even a feature writer, might reasonably be expected to recognize that the form of our subject matter, in the first place, and (as perhaps our seasoned readers only are fully aware) certain Hodnut traditions, are responsible for the usage. These apparently are not and obviously could not be understood by H.W.J. To enlarge our discussion on this point would thus be futile.

It should also be unnecessary to comment on the criticism of puns, especially of our own. Like other slandering, incoherent propagandists, however, H.W.J. probably convinced some of the weak-kneed among our readers; these vacillating noddies have no claim on our esteem, but, by gad!—we mean to leave them no doubts as to our quality. For the benefit of these, refutation is made, and easily, for the language of our attacker gives ample opportunity for riposte by logic.

The Pugilist Is Boxed

First: "Puns Punched" is not only an alliterative title for his essay; it is also an abortive attempt at punning. The fact that it is an attempt, however weak, vitiates his effort in the beginning. Like so many of those who criticize puns, H.W.J. turns out to be less than a tyro in the making of them. But ever fair, ever the chivalrous opponent, Hodnut is willing to give H.W.J. further consideration despite this initial failure to bear unflinchingly the searching steel of logic.

Deportment in Humor

Puns . . . "have no right in Canada at all. They should be deported to the British Isles, where they can flourish in their natural habitat. . . . Your Canadian is particular about what he laughs at—it must be broad, it must be brutal, but, above all, it must be American." Now here are fallacy and folly.

Unless H.W.J. has a mental affinity with the generation of Artemus Ward, he is aware that in the United States the most persisted in if not the most successful form of humor is punning. But the character of American puns certainly fills the requirements for those Canadians (such as H.W.J.) whose humor must be "broad" (i.e., obvious even to H.W.J.), and adding speciousness to speciousness, brutal. There is little of finesse, little of beauty about the American pun. Canadian literati gain everything in imitating the English product, and must inevitably conclude, with Charles Lamb, that the puns of quality are worth seeking: "The last breath I draw I wish might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun."

Something Lost in the Telling

H.W.J. not only opened with an attempt at punning, but was guilty of sustaining the body of his composition with another: "To laugh at (a pun), belly-fashion, why no Canadian would do so even if the teller were a bank president." Now, we have never heard of a teller who was a bank president, although many bank presidents have been tellers. This play on words is ridiculous and irrelevant—two things a pun should never entirely be (it may be ridiculously funny).

There is nothing to be gained in proceeding further: H.W.J., again like the majority of propagandists, has argued without arguments and concluded with out conclusions.

Oh, Horrors!

We are sorry to have been led into wasting so much of the space usually preserved for our wanderings through the news and views of the week. The indulgence of our public is earnestly solicited.

Our first concern in the news (and views) is with the present policy of printing what are supposed to be "horror" pictures of the World War in our newspapers (not in The Gateway, thanks be). We're still waiting for a really horrible one—one dealing with various angles of a true corpus delicti, such as certain Floyd Gibbons, Russian, and Japanese pictures depict. The Canadian pictures show nothing much more horrible than shattered buildings, wounded men, prisoners, marching or resting troops. The Edmonton Journal in particular publishes interviews with Pop and Mom, who say how glad

R.U.R.—A CRITIQUE

By E. S. Keeping

This play, produced by the Little Theatre last Saturday night was something of a disappointment. With all the aid of beautiful and effective stage settings and quite competent direction and acting, it yet somehow failed to convey the genuine thrill which one felt on reading it for the first time. Occasionally, indeed, it hovered perilously on the verge of the ludicrous, and one or two little accidents such as a delayed curtain and a bad connection to an electric lamp were sufficient to change the mood completely from the tragic to the comic.

The first act went very well. The uncanny efficiency of the mechanical stenographer amused the audience, and the introduction of the powerful shambling low-grade robot was extremely effective. There was sufficient variety in the action to maintain interest, and Domes' rapid and successful wooing of Helena Glory proved a good curtain. Once or twice Mr. Rule, as Domes, seemed not quite sure of his cues, and he did not altogether create the impression of that powerful dominating personality that the play surely calls for, but on the whole it was a good performance. The casting of the various technical experts was very well done, and succeeded in differentiating strongly between the personalities of a group of characters who seem, on first reading the play, to be very much alike. M. Jenvrin as Fabry, and Mr. Holroyd as Alquist, were particularly good, and if the former did relapse into French rather frequently it was usually more readily intelligible than his English.

In the second act the action was rather slow and mainly off-stage, so that interest tended to slacken. Miss Stewart as Helena, and Mrs. Garness as Nana, worked hard to keep things going, even getting a quite incompressible thrill out of the way an old manuscript behaved when it was burnt in the fireplace, but the climax of the scene, with the house surrounded by robots in revolt, was robbed of much of its effectiveness by the slowness of the curtain in descending. The grouping of the male actors, both here and in the first scene, was sometimes unpleasing and altogether too fixed.

The author's device of an interval between the second and third acts seems unfortunate when Act 2 begins practically where Act 1 left off, and the interest and suspense have to be continually heightened to the very end of the third act, with its culmination in the call to the robots of the world to unite in overthrowing mankind. It was precisely this third act, with its atmosphere of melodrama, that was the weakest in actual performance. The slow stealthy creeping of the robots through the open window did not seem convincing as representing a massed attack of armed men on a hastily fortified building, especially as the defenders had carefully piled a lot of very light and inadequate furniture against the door. To mention one other small point of criticism, one wondered why the highly-intellectual Radius, with his white-collar job in the library, need have been dressed like a low-grade laboring robot.

The last scene, the epilogue, was remarkably effective, apart of course from the inherent absurdity of the builder Alquist trying to recover, from the study of books of anatomy and experiments in test-tubes, the lost secret of the manufacture of living bodies. Alquist seemed to have aged remarkably in one year, but seeing all he had gone through, that was perhaps understandable, though it is not quite so clear why he chose to dress like Father Time. However, he contrasted admirably with the fine figure of the robot Primus, played by Mr. Carson, who would be an ornament to any nudist colony. The final tableau, with the perfect male and female robots, newly awakened to life, setting forth as Adam and Eve to replenish the earth, was very beautiful indeed and a great credit to the electrician and stage decorator. The settings throughout, in fact, won well-merited applause. The play altogether was an interesting experiment, well carried out, and if there were obvious faults here and there, they were partly due to the fact that the idea of the play is no longer as fresh as it was eleven years ago, and its social satire is to a certain extent dated, and partly to the little roughnesses in production which are almost inevitable in a first performance by amateur actors. Mr. Emrys Jones is to be congratulated on his achievement, and the Little Theatre on the willingness it has shown to make an occasional incursion into the less hackneyed type of drama.

they are for their sons to see the romance stripped from war.

Pictures and Censors

The Pops and Moms are doubtless sincere in their opinions, but we think they are more easily shocked than they should be and quite erroneous in thinking that busted buildings and overturned lorries, guns, etc., will cause their sons to think of anything other than what swell engines of destruction did the jobs. We ask: Have these parents seen pictures of twisted, disembowelled, dismembered, bloody corpses, probably with heads, eyes bulging and other features distorted, lying in the muck some distance from erstwhile complete, throbbing bodies? Have they seen the living skeletons of famine-ridden areas gazing dully into the camera, or indifferent to cameras as being uneatable?

These are pictures to turn the stomach of the least squeamish small boy or big boy. But to publish them in Canada would be bad for patriotism, no doubt. It's surprising that the Gibbons pictures (really tame in comparison with some we have seen) are allowed entrance to the country.

A Great Guy Indeed!

I wish to state that a lot of this talk which is going around about Gordon is hokey. Gordon is a great guy, and what if he is in jail; lots of guys go to jail! Look at Sir Walter Raleigh and Galileo and Socrates and those guys; they went to jail, and everybody thinks they are great guys indeed. Although some guys think Walter Raleigh was sort of a gigolo and was knighted on that account, and that guys that get knighted for being gigolos never really got anywhere. But I know one such guy who got to be a premier, which is getting a long way indeed.

Well, anyway, I was going to explain about Gordon; you see, Gordon and I went down town, and on the street car we met a guy. That is what I like about street cars, you always meet guys, especially around five o'clock when you generally meet a great many guys indeed. Well, we talked to this guy about education, because he knew we were students right away on account of the title of the library books which Gordon was carrying, one of which was called, "Turbulent William the Cowboy," and the other being "Black Beard's Voyage," both of which are very good books, very good indeed, except that it is sad where "Black Beard" gets hung and all because he used a pistol instead of the "Mercantile Marine Act" to extort money from honest sailors which shocked the law, the low being more used to violence than it is to fraud and dealing with piracy more harshly than with high finance on that account.

Anyway this guy said that only university would be seen in public with books like that, since everyone else belongs to the "Book of the Month Club" and reads good literature such as "The Platonic Influence and its effect on the Pantheistic Theory of Soufism," which is very good literature indeed.

Well, anyway, when this guy went to get off the car he said, "So long, fellows, I'm going in for a beer." Now, right here I wish to say that I do not believe in going to bars, as a rule, but when a guy invites you, indeed practically begs you, like that, to go into a bar, I think it would be very unkind indeed for a guy to refuse and that he should go to oblige a friend. So I told Gordon what I thought, and Gordon said, "You are right, without a doubt," so Gordon and I went after the guy, and we all went into a bar. I said to Gordon, "Let us not drink more than ten glasses of beer, for I have heard that it is liable to have a bad effect on guys if they drink more than ten glasses." Gordon said that he had heard similar statements by guys who should know, such as some engineers.

So we sat and drank beer, and all would have been okay if Gordon was not so absent-minded, for he is a very absent-minded guy indeed, and once drank bay rum, forgetting that bay rum is somewhat different from Jamaica rum. But what I wish to say is that after we had been there about an hour Gordon forgot how many we had drunk. This was very unfortunate, for it left us in a dilemma of a partition, I forget which, one being a tough spot and the other being a restaurant, and both being Greek. The Greeks were the guys who gave us our culture and our indigestion by means of these institutions.

Well, anyway, Gordon and I talked it over, and decided that we better drink the beers anyway just to be sure, so we did. When we got up to go, the guy we were with said, "So long, fellows, it's a great life if you don't weaken."

"So you would speak ill of my grandmother," said Gordon, and hit him in the eye, which is a very painful place to be hit indeed, as any guy will tell you.

I went along in the patrol wagon, partly for the ride and partly to be with Gordon, who is a great guy and a very good friend of mine indeed, which I am proud to state, even if he is in jail.

The chief of police led us downstairs and opened a cell door, and I guess he'd put us in if Gordon had not pushed him in and locked the door.

I showed the other officer a wrestling hold which my room-mate showed me. My room-mate sells insurance in the summer, and he says he's never failed to sell a policy once he got this particular grip, which is a very painful one indeed.

I guess we'd have gone away then if I could have persuaded Gordon to stop feeding the chief peanuts, which is a very hard job, to hold a police officer on the floor and argue with a guy, who has a perverted sense of humor such as Gordon has at times, but is a great guy, just the same.

About this time many police officers upstairs had heard the chief shouting for help, which is very foolish of the chief indeed. It is the guy who I am holding by twisting his foot who should be shouting for help, not the chief, who is safe in a cell, where no one can possibly twist his foot. The other police officers came down and, although Gordon hit many in the eye, which is very painful, and many more in the nose, which is even more painful, as any guy will tell you, they finally put him in a cell. In the meantime while they were being hit in the nose and eye by Gordon, I crept up the stairs, for guys have told me that fighting with the police is a very foolish thing indeed, which I am inclined to agree with after the lawyer I got for Gordon telling me about Gordon's front teeth being missing and his arm being broken in two places and various other things.

So I have done what I said I would. I have explained how Gordon was put in jail, and now guys will quit saying it was for not stopping at a stop street. Gordon is not the kind of a guy who would be foolish to drive over a stop street, which is a silly trick indeed, and a blunder which Gordon, who is a very careful guy indeed, would never make.

On Not Speaking

It has been of without some hesitation on my part that I have finally decided to preface these few slight remarks with the title "On Not Speaking." I am no unaware that some of my conservative friends may, on the strength of its doubtful grammatical construction, question the right of such an appellation to appear in so august a periodical as The Gateway. I hasten, therefore, to make my title clear.

"Not Speaking" is a malady—a very curious malady. It is not the less curious because its long finger touches not a few, but many; because in grim irony it singles out those least fitted to support its consequences. Curious, too, is the manner in which this malady is propagated. On first thought, it would seem to be a highly contagious disease; in the great majority of cases, those exposed to it become its victims; complications set in, and within a period of time which varies directly as the patient's common sense and strength of character this grim decimator of friendship takes its hold upon the unfortunate one. After further investigation, however, I have noted one or two instances where frequent and continual exposure to "Not Speaking" has produced little or no effect upon the expose; he has gone his way, still speaking, much as he did prior to exposure. The natural inference is that in these instances common sense and strength of character are present in no small degree; it would nevertheless be assuming too much to state that such is the case. Consequently, I am driven to the very indefinite conclusion that we are here faced with one of many problems which still await solution.

Nor is "Not Speaking" to be classed with those peculiar ailments which have in a rapidly changing world been given nomenclature almost within the last decade. "Not Speaking" was exceedingly common among the ancients. Many Romans of consequence were among its victims; indeed, it was not unusual for these to take elaborate precautions in order that their affliction might become apparent only upon appropriate occasions. It has been preserved for us, too, that classic example of the Pharisee, who "stood up and prayed thus with himself: 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men.'" This man, at least, was frank about it.

The causes of "Not Speaking" are many and various. The chief, and I believe, the most frequent, is that interesting psychological mechanism by virtue of which the sufferer conceives himself that he is vastly superior to his fellow-beings—a phenomenon which is all the more inexplicable in view of the fact that those attacked by "Not Speaking" while perhaps in some respect superior, are invariably in many other important attributes quite inferior; I suspect this might be the result of a sort of mental short-sightedness. A second cause is almost as common, namely, the patient's painful and all too vivid sense of his overwhelming inferiority. In the manner of an inexperienced stage-hand, he sets to work to cover up that which it is desirable to hide from the eyes of the audience; but his imposing scenery, being ill placed, excites not awe, but mirth. Other causes, ranging all the way from "affaires d'amour" to family feuds, "du sublime au ridicule," might be cited without number, were it not that a sense of propriety forbids such an enumeration.

What are the symptoms of "Not Speaking"? These may be observed in a narrow hall, such as one of those found in the Arts Building, or on a narrow sidewalk. The object of these limitations is, of course, to prevent the patient from getting away. A sidewalk is to be preferred for this purpose to a hall, because it is usually better lighted. Watch the patient closely: he (or she) approaches, absorbed in thought; when he is within about fifteen feet from you, he will look up at you (of course you must be so placed that he is forced to approach within this fifteen-foot limit). When he looks up, smile even more pleasantly than before, and frame the word "hello" upon your lips. This is the critical moment.

The patient's glance instantly wavers, finally coming fixedly to rest upon an imaginary point three feet above your head (it is difficult for him to walk this way, but "Labor omnia vincit"). The patient's whole face undergoes a remarkable transformation; the male takes on a noble, sphinx-like expression, whereas the female usually returns to her former state of abstraction. Naturally, this posture is extremely ludicrous; but I have nevertheless been on many occasions moved to compassion to observe how these poor creatures manifestly feel obliged to proceed under these self-imposed handicaps until they are past. At the moment when the patient is in your near vicinity, there may be a decided fall in temperature, as if a window had been opened; this, however, is evident only in the more advanced stages of the disease. Finally, if the patient manages to get past you in this condition without mishap, you may conclude that the test would indicate a case of "Not Speaking." After repeating the test six times with the same or similar results, you will be justified in considering your

THE GINGHAM DOG

The Little Theatre achieved a new level of mediocrity with its production of Capek's "R.U.R." We received the impression that the caste, having learnt their lines quite successfully, were, for the first time, assembled together upon a stage. With a remarkable facility they arranged themselves in perfectly straight lines and beautiful semicircles. Posture and movement were uniformly bad. The actors demonstrated a peculiar talent for masking one another. The set at least was up to standard, although some of the furniture was scarcely well chosen. There was a particularly objectionable lounge affair, presumably the lifework of a very amateurish stage carpenter; and an unpleasant little rug which lay like a dropped handkerchief in the middle of the set throughout the three acts. Presumably these two horrors remained during the epilogue, mercifully obscured however by the dim and mysterious lighting; lighting, by the way, which must have made it a little difficult for the robots to read the anatomy text-book. There were some redeeming features. Kenneth Ives used his beautiful voice and his "Man-of-Sorrows" profile to advantage. Bill Wallace played a show which shone like a good deed in a naughty world. The massing of the robots at the end of the third act was most effective. The public seemed to like it. As the lady behind us said, it was very pretty and quite realistic.

That the period play should be enjoying such a tremendous vogue is symptomatic of the romantic reaction of the 'thirties against the realism of the 'twenties. People call Mr. Coward a modern; really that child of the flippant twenties is quite old-fashioned. Mr. Beverley Nichols is much more representative of the present fashion; he is the protagonist of a newer decadence, a refined and romantic decadence, which finds its pleasure in the faint odours of decaying beauty which hang about old gardens, old houses, and old prima donnas. Even he is not a true modern, he is too flippant; his works exemplify the transition from the flippant realisms of the twenties to the serious romanticisms of the present decade. The true representatives of the 'thirties have not yet arrived; meanwhile, Mr. Nichols enjoys a transient popularity with a generation which resents the virility of a Lawrence and of a Benet, comparing their works to sonnets written from a mud puddle.

It is interesting to discover that there is still a member of our faculty who believes that Germany solely was responsible for the great war.

—L. G. T.

diagnosis correct.

I am convinced that, fame and fortune excepted, no cure can be found for this plague. I have in several cases tried vigorously shouting "Hello!" when directly in front of the sufferer. The first few applications of this treatment generally yield encouraging results; the patient's face reddens, the body is convulsed, the lips move weirdly; but beginning from the fourth or fifth application, the treatment, like a drug, gradually loses its efficacy. The patient is now not only blind; he is, strangely enough, deaf as well.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of this affliction, I feel that it would be a gross injustice to conclude without reminding my reader that in many instances, the symptoms of "Not Speaking" may in some small measure be present in certain individuals, and yet arise from circumstances as alien to "Not Speaking" as is courtesy to the "rah-rah college man." But now I, too, have descended to the ridiculous, and must take my leave.

—JEAN.

Chappell—Congratulate me, Nero, I was elected.
Nero—Honestly?
Chappell—Why bring that up?

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"RUSSIA TODAY"
By CARL J. KETCHUM
McDougall Church, Tuesday, February 27th
Tickets, 35 cents, at Tuck Shop

Varsity Golden Bears to Clash With Lethbridge

MERT KEEL WITH SOUTHERNERS

On Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 19th and 20th, Lethbridge Young Liberals will be entertained by Arn Henderson's gang in the Varsity gym. The Lethbridge boys are coming up here with a marvellous reputation, and are quite full of confidence.

Their ranks have been decidedly improved by the addition of Mert Keel, who starred with Varsity last year, and was chosen as the 32-33 Alberta all-star centre. Scott Sinclair, Stan Howard and Turner are also members of the team with outstanding ability. They are a fine aggregation of ball-tossers, and will be sure to give a real exhibition of basketball.

The Bears are in first-class condition, and after their excellent exhibition last week-end against the Union Jacks, have high hopes of coming out on top. The sharpshooting forward line of Smith, Malcolm and Anderson will be in it every minute, while Captain Arn Henderson and Hal Richard on guard will be stopping the southern attacks.

To date this season the support accorded to the boys has been very, very poor. With just two more games left to the schedule, everybody should turn out and give the boys a hand. They have been turning in an excellent brand of ball this year, and deserve more support than they have received.

Reserve Monday and Tuesday nights right now, and turn out to lend your mighty voices of encouragement to the team. The games are billed for 8:30 p.m. See you there, eh, what!

Before each game a preliminary game will be staged, commencing at 7:30 p.m.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

After answering all fan mail re the "perfect woman" query, the G.I.R. set out to interrogate (Webster's revised) certain acquaintances with this question: "Do you think the importance of coaching is over-emphasized in college athletics?"

The formalities completed, the following replies were jotted down:

Bill Lewis, Sports Editor, Edmonton Bulletin: "Ah, my dear —, that is a question to my liking. The answer, I think, is found in the career of the late Knute Rockne. Besides building unbeatable football teams for Notre Dame, Rockne pervaded the whole nation with such college spirit that parties, who had never progressed past grammar school, were willing to pay plenty for the privilege of cheering the fighting Irish to victory.

"While not all American coaches possess the great Rockne's personality, the majority pay ample returns to the institutions paying them their seemingly fabulous salaries."

Don Cameron, Agriculture student: "The situation is rather the opposite in Canada, at least. In our universities athletics are incidental to

ON ROMANCE

(Continued from Page Three)

on grand occasions with the object of bringing this out.

Of all modern dramatists who write about romance, I think Noel Coward portrays the best the innate beauty of life as lived by the middle classes of a bygone era. He makes us feel that a young man and woman are not merely creatures seeking a social sanction, but two honorable people taking on vows of universal importance. He makes us feel that love transcends differences of rank, wealth and religion.

Whether this accords with his own experience, I cannot say; probably not. The important thing is that he is able to make us happy by making us think so. Thousands of impetuous clerks and stenographers have smiled and cried at "Cavalcade" and "Bitter Sweet," and walked with elastic steps and shoulders held erect afterward. Life had become dignified, worth-while.

Yet, it is said by some, Noel Coward is a disillusioned man. If he is, small wonder! For he has travelled widely, and consequently seen more of the incongruities and weaknesses of humanity than most. But this only makes the more remarkable his achievement of producing two lovely, old-world plays of a sentimental nature, which could cause audiences to cheer, cry, and smile in the same breath.

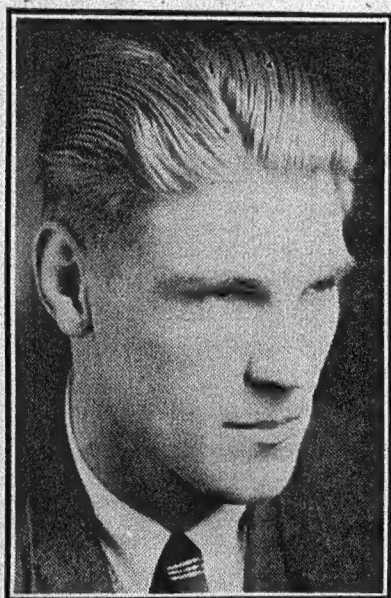
Verily, he must love his human nature, even as did Dickens. Even as he gives the healing draught, he holds ready the candy which will take away the disagreeable taste.

Indeed, romance, like the poor, will be with us always, just so long as the world of hard fact fails to come up to our desires.

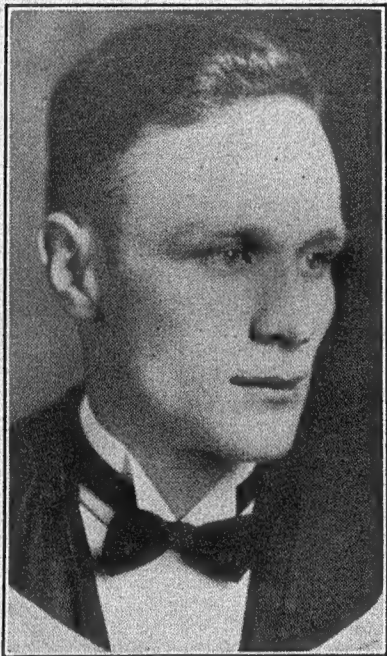
studies to such an extent that the respective authorities do not seem greatly concerned about who wins or who loses. This attitude seems to be shared by our student body at large, if attendance at intercollegiate games is any indication."

Don McKenzie, Science student and athlete: "In the States, yes; in Canada, no. In American colleges organized athletics are almost strictly business propositions, with coaches acting as highly paid entrepreneurs. However, I think that we do not realize the value of scientific coaching in Canada. It is undoubtedly true that a proficient athletic director can form a winning team from poor material, while an inferior coach frequently makes a losing outfit out of stellar athletes."

MALE CHARACTERS OF "THE DERELICT"



LARRY DAVIS



ERIC JOHNSON

"The Derelict," a one-act play by E. J. Thorlakson, of Calgary, is the vehicle by which the University Dramatic Society will ride to victory in the Provincial Dramatic Festival, to be held in Calgary Saturday, February 24th. This is the first time the University has been represented in the festival, although the competition is held annually. The cast of "The Derelict" is small, only four characters, but it is an unusually strong play.

Saskatchewan Swim Team To Visit Alberta Soon

Varsity to Defend Trophy for Third Year

March 3 will see the final intercollegiate event of the year, when the Golden Bears play hosts to Saskatchewan's swimming team. With an even break thus far in intercollegiate sport, the swimming team feel certain they can ring down the curtain for the year win. The fullest student support is solicited to help them do so.

The visitors, always strong contenders for the trophy, are boasting of an even stronger team this year. If the Huskies are anything like their hockey team, a real thrilling contest with plenty of fight is guaranteed.

The Varsity squad, which has held the trophy for the last two years, is still intact. Faithful practise has marked the team's efforts to retain the championship, and the boys will be in the pink of condition. The old standbys, Bob O'Brien, Mac Keith, Ronnie Keith, Guy Kinnear and Don Wilson need no introduction to Var-

sity students. Art McConkey and Ted Baker, well known on the squad of a couple of years ago, are again out. But the team is not without new blood. Jim McCaig, Pat Garret and Jack Bergman seem to be the best representatives of the newcomers, and promise to carry on quite satisfactorily.

If it is the desire of the students to see another intercollegiate title come here, then turn out and support your team on March 3rd.

BRITISH GUILD PLAYERS

By K. I.

As I sat spellbound at the Guild Players' performance of Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot," I could not help comparing it with some of the local amateur efforts of the past few months. I began to wonder if our local players ever take the trouble to study the technique of the Guild Players. One thing that was particularly noticeable was the ease with which the audience could hear the actors. The explanation is very simple. Led by James E. Mills, the whole company spoke loudly and enunciated their words perfectly. Another excellent quality of the whole company was their stage walking and natural postures when standing still. These are just two examples, from the many that I might mention, of the professional finish that is displayed by the British Guild Players. I would urge that all members of the University Dramatic Society make an effort to see at least one play and to study the acting—the inflexions and gestures—and the grouping of characters on the stage.

Of the play itself, I would say that it is one of the best that the company has produced here. Edgar Wallace always seems to contrive that the final curtain should fall on an unexpected climax—"On the Spot" is no exception. But the outstanding feature of the evening was the performance of James Mills as the Chief Gangster—Tony Perrelli. His characterization of the part, realistic and gripping as it was, came very near to convincing me that the legitimate stage only needs a few such actors to be once again supreme in the world of the theatre. The play is well worth seeing if only on account of Mr. Mills' sustained and vigorous characterization of a very difficult part. Some of the rest of the casting I did not feel to have been particularly happy, but all members carried their parts adequately. It has not been my practice in the past in the columns of this paper to refrain from criticizing where I think it is needed. I have not departed from my rule in writing this review. I do honestly feel that the Guild Players deserve support from the University students if all their performances are on a par with their present production.

Next week the Guild Players are scheduled to present "What a Woman Wants." Somewhat after the style of "Elizabeth Sleeps Out," it promises to be a great comedy hit, and should be well worth seeing.

FROSH RECEPTION A WEEK FRIDAY

Outstanding Orchestra, Decorations and Refreshments Offered By Freshman Executive

The Freshman Class Executive has completed final arrangements for the Reception to Sophomores which is to be held in Athabasca Hall on Saturday evening, February 24th, at 8:30. Ticket sale opens at 8:30 Monday morning, Feb. 18th, in the basement of the Arts Building. Tickets will sell for \$1.25.

The executive has spared no effort to make this dance an outstanding event in the social activities of the year. The first step was the engagement of the Monarchs of Melody, formerly Guy Watkins' Harmony "8". This aggregation came to the city from Saskatoon just after Xmas. Last fall they broadcasted regularly over the Canadian Radio Commission, and are considered to be one of the finest orchestras in Western Canada. The Monarchs of Melody feature two pianos and a piano accordion in their special arrangements. In order to ensure the playing of numbers that the crowd will like, the orchestra will comply with as many requests as possible during the encores.

The refreshments will be tempting and delicious, and there will be enough for everyone. The dining-room will be softly lighted and hung with streamers in a pleasing color combination.

Tickets will be sold commencing Monday morning in the basement of the Arts in the following order:

Monday morning: Paid-up members of the Freshman Class and Sophomores.

Monday afternoon: Paid-up members of the Freshman Class and Sophomores, Faculty, Graduates and Seniors.

Tuesday morning: Graduates and Juniors.

Tuesday afternoon: Graduates and Juniors and non-paid-up members of the Freshman Class.

Wednesday morning: All those who have not yet bought tickets.

The executive have done their part. It now remains for all Freshmen to do their share and get their tickets. The executive has gone to considerable expense in arranging the dance and to make it a complete success the co-operation of every Freshman is needed. The Executive will be pleased to see any of the upper classmen who care to come, and promise them an enjoyable evening.

In conclusion, the Executive would ask those who plan to be present to be there promptly at 8:30, or even five or ten minutes before. The evening is all too short, but if you come promptly a maximum of dancing is assured.

We'll be seein' you!

NOTICE

Applications for Executive "A" awards will be received at the Students' Union Office up until 12:00 noon Wednesday, February 21st, 1934. Those wishing information in this regard may inquire at the Union Office.

W. H. PREVEY,
Secretary.

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CHEMISTRY CLUB TO HAVE BANQUET

First Chem Club Banquet Planned For March 2nd

The Chem Club met in Med 142 Wednesday afternoon. Ticket sale for the annual banquet to be held March 2 was begun. This banquet will be the first Chem Club banquet in the club's history, and is arousing much interest.

Mr. J. White spoke on "Uranium and Radium from Great Bear Lake Ores." The general properties and occurrence of radium were briefly discussed. The present price of radium is about \$70,000 per gram. It is very difficult to extract the radium from its ores. The concentrated ore is shipped to the refinery at Port Hope. Here it is ground, and roasted to remove sulphur. It is then bleached for five hours with concentrated hydrochloric acid. Uranium is dissolved and radium (with other metals, etc.) is left in the residue. The radium is extracted from this residue in various steps using sodium carbonate, sulphuric acid and hydrobromic acid. The radium bromide so obtained is purified by fractional crystallizations, and is converted to radium sulphate for hospital use.

The uranium is recovered from the hydrochloric acid solution by treatment with sodium carbonate, sulphuric acid, and sodium or ammonium hydroxide. These treatments yield uranium salts of various colors, which are used as pigments in Europe.

IN COMIC OPERA



ANNE BOWSTEAD



GEORGE CONQUEST

Who will appear as the leads in the operetta to be produced Friday and Saturday in Convocation Hall by the Philharmonic Society. There are still a few choice seats left, but those who are planning to attend should make their reservations right away. Tickets are being sold in the basement of the Arts.